MARVEL

15

LGY#180

BUNN
COELLO
MOSSA

THE WAR OF THE REALMS

# VENOM

# THE WAR OF THE REALMS

After laying waste to nine of the Ten Realms, the Dark Elf King Malekith and his powerful allies have finally brought the War of the Realms to Midgard—the last realm standing!

Malekith opened a portal to New York—where Eddie Brock and his son, Dylan, have just arrived. Now Frost Giants and Dark Elves roam the streets, and Eddie—no longer bonded with the alien symbiote Venom—was offered a dreamstone from the War Witches. But so was the Jack O'Lantern, who is going to burn the city to ash!

# VENOM

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WHOLE CITY'S BURNING.

WHOLE *WORLD*, MAYBE.

WHY SHOULD HERE BE ANY DIFFERENT?

EDDIE?

WHERE ARE YOU?

THE WORD OF THE DAY, KIDS, IS--

*--CONFLAGRATION!*

JACK O'LANTERN'S GOT THE *MATCHES* AND THE *GASOLINE.*

SETTING THE CITY *ABLAZE.*

HE'S JUICED UP ON *DARK ELF MAGIC.*

HE'LL KILL EVERYONE...

...JUST TO DRAW ME OUT.

GONNA GET HIS WISH.

NEW SUIT.

A WITCH'S GIFT.

JACK'S GOT ONE TOO.

NOT *MY* SYMBIOTE.

MY *OTHER.*

THIS IS SOMETHING *NEW...*

...CREATED FROM *DREAMS...*

...FROM *NIGHTMARES.*

AGGH!

AND IT KEEPS *CHANGING.*

THWAP

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NNNUUH!

PLAYING DIRTY NOW?

GOOD.

I LIKE DIRTY.

FWWSSH

FPP-FP-FPP-FPP-FP

HHT!

MISSED ME.

DON'T BE SO SURE.

YOU STILL HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT, HAVE YOU?

WIELDING A DREAMSTONE IS LIKE PLAYING GOD!

I WANT TO TURN MY SCYTHE INTO A FULL-BLOWN JACK O'LANTERN GOLEM--

BOOM! GET READY FOR A TAG-TEAM THROWDOWN.

THE DREAMSTONES ALLOW YOU TO DO ANYTHING!

*ANYTHING!*

SAYS THE GUY WHO CAN'T SHAKE THE HALLOWEEN MOTIF.

THE POWER'S WASTED ON YOU!

GONNA CARVE THE STONE FROM YOUR CORPSE...

...SEE WHAT A GUY LIKE ME CAN DO...

...WITH *TWICE* THE--

SHRAKT

LEMME GUESS.

MORE PUMPKINS!

KRAK

SHUNK

HOW YOU LIKE DEEZ PUMPKINS?

JACK MIGHT BE RIGHT.

RRRRRR--

THE DREAMSTONE DRAWS ON THE USER'S IMAGINATION.

KRRRNCH

AND MY THOUGHTS SWIRL AROUND THE SAME DRAIN AS ALWAYS.

MY DREAMSTONE FEEDS ON *RAGE*.

SHAK

I'VE BEEN KICKED PLENTY.

YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER!

DON'T YOU EVER--***EVER!***-- TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!

THERE YOU ARE!

THE ***REAL*** YOU WANTS A SHOT AT THE TITLE, *HUH?*

CAST OUT IN THE STREET.

SCREWED UP.

FWOOOOOOOOSH

FLUSHED A NORMAL LIFE RIGHT DOWN THE TOILET.

BEEN BEATEN.

FOR ALL YOUR ***BARBARIAN GLORY,*** YOU'RE STILL AFRAID OF ***FIRE!***

POISONED.

DECEIVED AND BETRAYED.

*NNN--*

MY PAST MAKES ME ***DANGEROUS,*** BUT NOT ***CREATIVE.***

THE DREAMSTONE'S NOT WAITING FOR ME TO STEP UP.

IT'S CHANGING ME.

CONTROLLING ITSELF.

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THE AREA'S CRAWLING WITH CIVILIANS.

SOME FLED HERE LOOKING FOR COVER.

PLEASE...

OTHERS LIVE ON THESE STREETS.

THEY'RE ALL CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF WHOLESALE ***SWORD-AND-SORCERY SLAUGHTER.***

...JUST STAY DOWN!

HIDE!

STOP ANTAGONIZING HIM!

MAYBE HE'LL LEAVE US ALONE!

FWOOSH

NO.

NO WAY WOULD HE JUST FLY OFF LIKE THAT.

NOT UNLESS--

THE MORTAL HAS LEFT SACRIFICES!

OFFERINGS TO THE BURNING THRONE!

OFFERINGS TO THE QUEEN OF CINDERS!

RUN!

GET CLEAR!

I'LL HOLD THEM BACK!

MORE ASGARDIAN JACKASSES.

DEMONS MADE OF FIRE.

PERFECT.

I SAID--

--RUN!

OOH!

A BOLD FOOL!

A BRAVE ONE!

REMIND HIM WHY HE SHOULD FEAR THE FLAME!

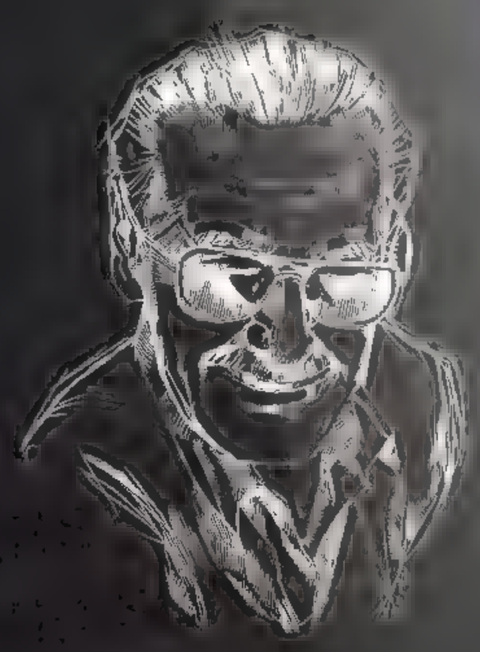
# ...EMTS UP FOR GRABS

STAN'S SOAPBOX
NOVEMBER 1968

## STAN'S SOAPBOX

Let's lay it right on the line. Bigotry and racism are among the deadliest social ills plaguing the world today. But, unlike a team of costumed super-villains, they can't be halted with a punch in the snoot, or a zap from a ray gun. The only way to destroy them is to expose them — to reveal them for the insidious evils they really are. The bigot is an unreasoning hater — one who hates blindly, fanatically, indiscriminately. If his hang-up is black men, he hates ALL black men. If a redhead once offended him, he hates ALL redheads. If some foreigner beat him to a job, he's down on ALL foreigners. He hates people he's never seen — people he's never known — with equal intensity — with equal venom. Now, we're not trying to say it's unreasonable for one human being to bug another. But, although anyone has the right to dislike another individual, it's totally irrational, patently insane to condemn an entire race — to despise an entire nation — to vilify an entire religion. Sooner or later, we must learn to judge each other on our own merits. Sooner or later, if man is ever to be worthy of his destiny, we must fill our hearts with tolerance. For then, and only then, will we be truly worthy of the concept that man was created in the image of God — a God who calls us ALL — His children.

Pax et Justitia,
Stan.



STAN LEE
FOREVER

**MARVEL COLLECTORS' ITEM CLASSICS #18:** Still the greatest Bullpen bargain of all! It's spearheaded by the FF . . . so how can ya lose?

**AND, STILL ON SALE — (IF YOU'RE LUCKY!!)** SPIDER-MAN #2:

I REMEMBER, DAMN IT!

I REMEMBER!

SSSSSSSSS

WHAT BROUGHT ME OUT HERE.

YEEEARRGH!

LOOKING FOR A SAFE PLACE.

FOR DYLAN.

I REMEMBER!

FOR MY SON.

I REMEMBER THE PROMISE I MADE.

TURN HIM TO ASH!

TO HIM.

TO MYSELF.

REMEMBER!

NOT GONNA DIE OUT HERE!

ANGER BUBBLES UP.

NOT ANGER AT THE PAST.

NOT AT OTHERS.

ANGER AT *MYSELF.*

FOR LETTING THE PAST MAKE ME A VICTIM.

I'VE LET THAT RAGE CLOSE ME OFF FROM OTHERS FOR SO LONG.

PUT THAT TO USE.

NOT GONNA BURN TODAY!

RAAAAGH!

CRYSTAL CLAWS TEAR THROUGH BLAZING FLESH.

HE'S MARKED!

MARKED WITH DREAM RUNES!

A TRICKSTER!

MOLTEN BLOOD DRIPS FROM MY FINGERTIPS.

SHRRRP

SHRRKP

RRRRP

AND IT FEELS GOOD.

BUT JACK...

...I CAN'T BEAT HIM...

...NOT LIKE THIS...

...NOT AT HIS OWN GAME.

HIS *MADNESS* AGAINST MY *FURY.*

ONLY ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN IN THAT FIGHT.

INNOCENT PEOPLE WILL DIE.

JACK KNOWS I WON'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

HE KNOWS THEY MAKE ME WEAK.

MAKES ME PISSED OFF.

AT JACK O'LANTERN.

AT THEM.

AT *MYSELF.*

I COULD TEAR HIM APART.

RIP HIS SPINE OUT.

BUT THERE'S NO WAY I CAN KILL HIM FAST ENOUGH.

ALL THE INNOCENTS...THEY'LL *BURN.*

COLLATERAL DAMAGE...THE LOSS OF LIFE...WILL BE TOO HIGH.

MY ANGER'S NOT GONNA WIN THIS ONE.

OLD WITCH WANTED TO TURN ME INTO A WEAPON.

THE DREAMSTONE'S CHANGING ME INTO WHATEVER THE HELL SHE WANTED.

UNLESS I TAKE CONTROL... FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE.

DREAMSTONE CAN BECOME ANYTHING.

JUST FELL BACK ON WHAT I KNOW.

WITCH COUNTED ON ALL MY ANGER.

THOUGHT I WAS A ONE-TRICK PONY.

BUT I'M *DONE* BEING *USED.*

TIME TO SHAKE THINGS UP.

I WILL THE DREAMSTONE TO PROTECT THEM.

THEY'RE SCARED AT FIRST.

OMIGOD!

WHAT'S--

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

OF COURSE THEY ARE.

ALIEN SYMBIOTE OR WITCH'S TOTEM, DOESN'T MATTER.

AHH!

WHAT IS THAT?

THE FEAR IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

THAT'S HOW THEY KNOW.

THAT'S HOW I KNOW--

--WE ARE VENOM.

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BET JACK...

...BET THAT WITCH WITH ALL OF HER EYES...

...DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING.

STILL HAVE SOME CONTROL OF THE STONE.

ENOUGH CONTROL TO SEND THE CIVILIANS AWAY.

GET THEM TO SAFETY...

...BUT SEND THEM OUT SWINGING!

GUYS LIKE ME AND JACK... WE'RE NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS ASGARDIAN MAGIC @#$%.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME!

I'M A *NIGHTMARE!*

A *LIVING NIGHTMARE!*

IT'S BEYOND US.

IT'S THE STUFF OF *DREAMS.*

AND I REALLY ONLY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT *ONE* ASGARDIAN.

KRAKKA-THOOOM

YEEEAAAGH!

UNNGFFH!

T-TAK

HFF! HFF!

THE STONE!

I DROPPED IT!

HIYA, JACK.

W-WAIT.

HOLD ON.

I...I'M NOT...I JUST FOUND THE SUIT.

I'M A NOBODY.

"FOOLS!"

I GAVE THEM SACRED GIFTS.

AND THIS-- *THIS*!--IS HOW THEY SQUANDER THEM?

SUCH A WASTE!

THEY COULD HAVE BEEN AVATARS OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.

CHAOS.

ARE YOUR GAMES DONE, SISTER?

WAS IT ALL YOU HOPED?

WE HEARD YOUR PLAYTHINGS SLIPPED THROUGH YOUR FINGERS.

WE HEARD YOU HAD TO REGROW AN ARM.

I'LL *NEVER* UNDERSTAND YOUR FASCINATION WITH *TEMPTING* MORTALS.

YOU'RE A WITCH, NOT A *DEVIL*.

PRESS YOUR FORTUNE, AND YOU'LL FIND I CAN BE BOTH.

COME.

MALEKITH HAS NEED OF US ELSEWHERE.

*HEH.*

I MERELY SET THE POTENTIAL FOR CHAOS FREE.

"I FORESEE IT WILL LONG OUTLAST EVEN MALEKITH'S PRESENCE ON THIS WORLD."

HNNN--

SKRRRKK

UH.

EDDIE?

YOU'RE BACK.

AND YOU'RE NOT VENOM.

YEAH, KID.

YOU WERE RIGHT.

YOU CAN'T TRUST A WITCH.

IS IT... BAD OUT THERE?
IT AIN'T GOOD.
BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.
WE'RE SAFE HERE.
WE CAN WAIT IT OUT.
WILL THOSE... THINGS...GET IN HERE?
WILL THEY KILL US?
I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM TRY.
WHAT ABOUT--
VENOM?
"VENOM'S *GONE.*
"FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN GONE FOREVER.
"MAYBE I'M JUST WORN OUT...
"...BUT EVERYTHING I REMEMBER ABOUT IT...
"...EVERYTHING THAT MADE VENOM REAL...
"...IS ALL SO DISTANT AND MURKY...
"...LIKE A DREAM THAT'S *FADING AWAY.*"

# NEXT MONTH:
# VENOM #16

-:KRRRSH:- GETTING THIS? WE'VE REACHED THE SOUTHEASTERN TUNNEL -:KRRSSH BELOW GRAND STREET NOW. THE READINGS SEEM TO BE GETSSKRSH STRONGER THIS WAY.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEKKRRSSH TAMPERED WITH THE ENCLOSURE. IT'S SUPPSSSKRSH TO BE SEALED OFF. BET SOME SQUATTERS BROKE IN AND -:SSSKRSH:- HOME FOR THEMSELVES.

YOU SEEING WHAT -:SSKRSH:- SEEING? THE WALLS ARE COVERED -:SKRSH:- ORGANIC IN NATURE. SOMETHINSSSKRSH **GROWING DOWN HERE.**

OH. OH MY GOD.

RUN! **RUN!**

HELP PLEASSSKRSH AAAAAHAAAAHSKSRRRRSH


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